The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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FOR THE MONEY!

SIX FINE DRESS SHIRTS,

MADE TO ORDER,

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Neckwear at 50c., equal to other peoples' at 1.00.

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See the grand stock of Woolens, three times the largest in Baltimore. Fit and perfect fit guaranteed, or money refunded.

Write for Catalogues, Self measurements and Samples, which will be given free of cost. Post yourself in styles and prices by visiting the Great Store of Baltimore, if you wish good Goods at low prices.

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THE Old Reliable Wall Paper and Window Shade Store of Baltimore city, is now prepared to show Spring Styles of Wall Paper and send samples to any part of the country when application is made. Will send the best workmen to put up the same when required. We sell Wall Paper and Window Shades at factory prices. Call on or send to him for beautiful lines.

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MR. P. W. ROBY having recently purchased the undertaking outfit of C. Hayden is at all times prepared to attend funerals, in any part of the county, at short notice. COFFINS and CASKETS of any description furnished at reasonable prices, and undertaking in all its branches performed after the most approved methods.

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STRICTLY ONE PRICE--NO DEVIATION

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Poetry.

SHADOWS.

Lingering shadows close around me,
Gathering gloom dark curtains throw
And the busy thoughts that bound me
Into restful dreamings flow.

Breezy zephyrs fan sweet incense
Through the quickly fading day,
And the insects' droning cadence
In the distance dies away.

In my hammock idly swinging
'Neath the overhanging boughs,
Sweet reflections now are bringing
Youthful dreamings to arouse.

Once again in happy childhood
'Neath the old elm tree I swing—
Gather blue beds in the wildwood—
Near my mother's knee I cling.

Darling mother gone forever
Like the happy childhood days,
And thy loving voice shall never
Sing again those restful lays.

In my heart fond memory lingers,
And I feel upon my head
Once again your gentle fingers
As the last "good-night" is said.

Deeper gloom is now more glooming,
Twilight lengthens into shade,
Nearer now the hour is coming
I shall be beside you laid.

Select Reading.

HOW THEY CONTRIBUTED.

Tom Harris shut his dictionary with a slam, rose to his feet, and bowing profoundly to the boys gathered in the school-room, began:

"Ladies and gentlemen—"

'Mostly ladies,' put in Ned Duncan.

'I move that this company shake things up a little.'

'I second the motion,' said Ned. 'Put the question, Paddy,' and he threw a paper wad across the room squarely in the face of a boy absorbed at his desk.

'Oh, certainly,' said Paddy, whose name was Will Ireland. 'I'm glad to see you take an interest at last; it's a pleasure to encourage it, I'm sure.—'What is the equation whose roots are 3,—4.—'

'Help! Murder!' cried Ned. 'Stop him, somebody.'

Paddy's book and slate were promptly taken from him, and order once more restored

'It is moved and seconded,' said Gus Travis, 'that we go in now for a little innocent enjoyment. All in favor [illegible] As contrary-minded [illegible]

'I wonder at you, Gus,' said Ned. 'Of course we're not any of us contrary-minded. What gentleman's going to own up to a thing like that?'

'Some of us aren't minded at all,' said Paddy.

'Do you think so? Well, set a thief to catch a thief. Now, I always supposed that the rest of you fellows had brains too.'

'I wish you two would cork,' said Gus. 'How are we to decide on anything while you are gabbling?'

'I say,' said Hugh Doane, with a yawn, 'that, as we haven't but half an hour, we take a nice, easy loaf and talk about the weather.'

'To-day is a fine day,' said Ned. 'Yesterday was a fine day, and to-morrow will probably be a fine day, if it doesn't rain or anything like that. I believe that's all I have to say.'

'No! Really?' said Gus 'Listen, boys, Ned Duncan hasn't anything to say.'

'Nonsense, Ned,' said Tom 'Think a minute. You can't have gone off like this, so suddenly.'

'Enough is as good as a feast,' said Ned.

'I'm sure we've had enough,' put in Paddy. 'But I didn't seem to notice that it was as good as a feast.'

'This repartee is delightful,' said Hugh, with another yawn; 'Go on, please.'

'Speaking of enough,' said Tom, 'what's become of all your charities, Paddy? You haven't been on the war-path for a month.'

'Paddy Ireland, you know,' explained Ned, with a nod to Hugh, who was a new boy, 'is pious,'

'Is he? So am I. Let's shake hands.' The boy did not know whether this was meant for a joke or not, seeing which Hugh went on: 'It's a fact; I mean it.'

'What kind is yours?' asked Ned. 'Is it a once-a week religion, or an all-the-time sort, examinations and horn-sprees included, like Paddy's? Why Paddy hadn't been here a week before we all knew what was the matter with him, and we thought we'd just lay low for awhile, you know, and after he'd run off the track half a dozen times, we'd give him a serenade. But we soon found we'd get left on that, for Paddy's got the genuine article, warranted to wash, and no right and wrong to it.'

'No right and wrong?' repeated Hugh. 'That strikes me as peculiar.'

'Oh, Ned is never particular about what words he uses,' said Tom; 'he just don't want to leave any out. That's where he draws the line.'

'Its very plain that you two don't know a figure of speech when you see it,' said Ned, scornfully.

'Well, to continue,' said Gus, 'Paddy makes a specialty of collections—'

'Don't let my presence be any constraint,' put in Paddy.

'He isn't a real, out-and-out screw, you know, but it comes to the same thing; for when you see a fellow giving away the last cent he has, on the sly, and scrimping and saving to do it, and then when you accuse him of it, trying to make believe it's more fun than not, what are you to do? You can't go right on buying peanuts for yourself and friends, without feeling just little bit too mean to live.'

'And the result is,' said Ned, 'that when you go down town with him, you are smirked at by all the poor old maids and rowdy boys in the place.'

'They're not your friends,' said Tom, 'why don't you look across the street?'

'Because there are crowds more over there getting ready to smirk.'

'But I want to air my woes,' said Gus. 'You know they are trying to get up a reading-room down in the town, so as to run an opposition to the saloons and street corners at night Well, yesterday afternoon, I heard a lot of gentlemen putting the scheme to each other, and it struck me as a pretty big thing all around.'

'I hope you told them so,' said Ned, 'it would have been so gratifying to them.'

'As I was coming home, when I got opposite old Mr. Bank's house, one of Paddy's Sunday school brats tumbled down on his head, and began to warble; and as Paddy wasn't there to pick him up, I had to do it myself. Just when the youngster had at last consented to stop sniffling and wipe his eyes with the back of his grimy little fist, out came the old gent himself, and we walked along together. Some how seeing to the infant, reminded me of Paddy's tricks and manners, and it occurred to me that here was a chance to score my own account, and get ahead of him for once, I had an idea that Mr. Banks was a penurious old bear, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm to try, so I put in a boot-lick or two about his flowers and his books, and from that we got on to reading-rooms, and I gave him my views about it in the best style I could muster. Then after I had wound up with a flourish, I said, 'See here, Mr. Banks, I wish you'd give me a nice fat subscription for it, and set us all right up.—You've got any amount of money, you know, and it would be a first-rate investment,' 'It would, eh?' he said. 'I'd like to know now you count that up?' 'Well,' I said, borrowing some ideas from the Rev. Patrick Ireland, 'of course it wouldn't bring you in any money, but people can invest in other things besides dollars and cents I guess. If I had more than I knew what to do with, I'd be willing to swap some of it off for the pleasure of keeping a lot of young fellows out of mischief, in the very town where I was born and made all my fortune.' 'Please hold my hand, Tom,' said Ned. 'Wasn't that sweet? What did the old chap say?'

'[illegible] he looked over the tops of his specs, and said: '[illegible] my word, young man, you talk very glibly; what are you going to give to this fine enterprise?'

'What did you do then? Faint?'

'I wished I was further.'

'Pitty you hadn't remembered another of Paddy's ideas before you began,' said Tom. 'He heads me on subscription lists every time.'

'I do not,' said Paddy. 'I'm not proud. If I haven't anything to give myself, that don't keep me from letting other people have a chance.'

'Then you've always happened to have something since I've known you. But, go on, Gus, how did you get off?'

'Why, I saw I had gone in at the wrong door, and there was nothing left out to back out as soon as possible. S I nodded at the old gentleman, and grinned, and said, 'I guess that's your point, sir, and I haven't anything more to say, only there's a big difference between your pocket and mine.' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I know all about that; people are always telling me how full my pockets are. Perhaps, if they'd look over my mail for a morning or two, they'd see where the money goes to. As to this reading business, I had intended that to be one of the things that I'd give the go-by to, but you seem to be an honest fellow and I will make a bargain with you. I saw five or six of you boys coming up from the station yesterday. That was when we came up with you. Hugh. 'Now, if you half-dozen boys will raise twenty-five dollars among you, I'll put a hundred and twenty-five to it, and we'll hand it over.' 'Raise twenty-five dollars!, I said, 'You might as well ask us to raise—' the Washington monument, I was going to say, but I didn't.'

'Why didn't you?'

'Because it would have been a lie.'

'Don't bother about brushing up your English,' said Ned, we're all friends.'

'But how would it?' said Tom. 'I think you made entirely too poor a mouth all along. Why didn't you tell him that you didn't give anything, because you hadn't it to give.

There couldn't be a much better reason, said Ned, and its only too true. Since Paddy cleared us out last month for the Hottentots, my purse has been extremely poorly. And so has yours, unless you're a dissembler.

There is five dollars in my trunk upstairs, said Gus.

'There are! When did— Oh of course we have got the money for our racquets.'

'Yes, we've got the money for our racquets,' repeated Gus.

Now look here, Gus Travis, said Tom. 'Just give Paddy back his halo, will you? and stop trying to fit it on your red mop. One saint in the crowd is enough Two—beg your pardon—' with a glance at Hugh.

'Oh he don't count,' said Ned 'He hasn't worked out his contract yet.'

'If you think,' Tom went on, 'that we're going to play at the tournament with those crazy old bats, after we've been saving up for a year, you're mistaken, that's all. Why those blue fellows 'll beat us any how, I'm afraid There's no use giving them a handicap.'

Who's your best player?' asked Hugh.

'Tom's the best,' said Paddy, and I'm the worst, if you'll excuse my speaking so plainly.'

You couldn't speak too plainly, said Ned. 'The subject doesn't admit of it. Paddy's good on begging holidays and writing essays, but when it comes to tennis, he'd rather limp.

Why don't you take me on, then, to make up the set? I'm a champion.

'You !, exclaimed the boys, looking at the lounging figure.

Just wait till you see me; and I don't get red in the face either.

It's a passive form with an active meaning, said Paddy. I resign at once And suppose Gus may have my five dollars then for the reading room.

My opinions are not always received with respect they deserve, said Ned. But it seems to me that for us five fellows to cut off two hundred dollars from a first-rate charity, just to look more dudish and run a little better chance at a tennis match, is getting away with the commandments rather too fast, even for a rattle like me.—And after Paddy's been wrastlin' so long with us too.

We don't want them just for that, said Tom; they'll out-last the tournament a day or two; but still there's truth in what you say, I suppose.

'Thank you.'

'What'll this new fellow do?' asked Gus. Can you raise five dollars on tap?'

It'll be the first time, then, said Hugh, lazily, but I guess I can manage it somehow, and he reflected on his own unused racquet upstairs, and whether one of his uncles would not take it off his hands.

So it was decided.

A week after this talk, Gus Travis armed with an envelope containing five new five-dollar bills, rang at Mr. Banks door-bell, and was shown into that gentleman's parlor.

Your offer was too good to refuse, said Gus, after they had shaken hands. So we want to claim your share of the bargain, and he held out the envelope.

Mr. Banks opened it silently, then left the room for a moment, returning with a cheque for the promised amount in his hand.

A bargain's a bargain, he said. But I must confess you have taken me by surprise. I never supposed you would think of it again.

I don't believe we would have last year. But this year there's a fellow that's been giving us points on that sort of business for all he's worth, until he's got notions in our heads that we can't get rid of. Besides he's got another one to back him up now, and I don't know what we'll come to.

Who is he?'

His name is Ireland—Will Ireland.

Ireland! Why he must be the boy that came here one day to get a place for somebody. Does he look right square in your eyes all the time you're talking to him, and answer you back without fear or favor?

Yes, sir; that's Paddy.

Well, your saint is not a prig, at any rate; I liked that boy, if he did seem cut out for a parson. So he put you up to getting this, did he?

Yes; I don't know about this particular job, but he's really at the bottom of all sort, of things.

He'll want to be a missionary some of these days, I suppose.

He is a missionary now. Don't you like the profession?

I don't think much of preaching, thought I run enough churches, the Lord knows

Gus lifted his eyebrows a little, but said nothing.

What does that mean? said Mr. Banks. Speaking.

What were you going to say? he demanded again, as Gus was still silent.

Well, said Gus, with a laugh, if you will have it, I was only thinking that there's some One else who is generally supposed to run churches, and if at any time you didn't choose to back Him up with the funds, he could probably fine somebody else that would.

Hump! said Mr, Banks, and the interview came to an end.

Hugh had not over-praised himself when he said he could play tennis.—Paddy declared that it rested the soles of his feet to look at him, and as for Tom he was radiant, propesying that they would beat at the the tournament after all, racquets to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The day for that great event rolled around at length, but I have very little space left to tell of it. Hugh Doane with a daisy pinned to his red jersey, seemed to loose his cunning at the first. He was rattled, Paddy told a pretty little Miss who sat among the spectators—and she had a great clump of daisise at her belt.

They dont deserve to win, she said, scornfully, with such disrepputable-looking racquets. I didnt notice that when I promised to cheer on your side I might change round if it wasn't against my principles.

Oh, dont, said Paddy, pulling off his cap to Mr. Banks, who sat behind them. wait till Hugh gets his hand in, and he'll be all right. Wouldn't desert us in misfortune.

But why, when their suits are so pretty, are their bats so rowdy? It looks as if their pocket-money had suddenly given out at the last minute.

It does look that away, but poverty isn't disgraceful, you know.

Defeat us.

Not always.

You shall be. The Reds—our boys—did win after hard fight. And then the pretty little girl with the daisies asked Paddy, reproachfully, if he wasnt ashamed of himself for having doubted them.

The day after their victory, the boys were gathered on the play-ground talking it all over, when a queer, long parcel was brought out to Gus. After they had puzzled sufficiently over the address, and felt it several times from end to end, it was opened, bad there stood disclosed five of the handsomest, tightest-strung racquets any boy ever saw. Picking up the note which had dropped from them, Gus read:

MR. AUGUSTUS TRAVIS, JR.,

Dear Sir:—I said that I did not care for preaching; but I do like a good sermon now and then. I hope that you and your friends will accept these racquets as an expression of that.

Yours truly,
JOS. BANKS.

This, said Hugh, leaning up against a tree, and fanning himself with the new racquet, is a case of eating one's cake and having it too.

And taking the cake, don't forget that, said Ned.

Swindling the Farmers.

The following is from the Mittanning (Pa.) *Free Press*:

A farmer in Armstrong county was recently made the victim of the wiles of a traveling sharper. This farmer does not take a newspaper—in fact, thinks they cost to much and are of no account anyway. He is therefore not well posted on the current events of the day as he might be. A few days ago, while hard at work in his field, a well-dressed stranger rode up to the fence, dismounted and walked over to where the innocent victim was working.

Good morning sir, said the stranger as he came up. Hard at work, I see.—Well, its nice weather for the farmers, isn't it?

I 'low it is, replied the farmer, and then he eyed the stranger rather suspiciously.

I want to show you some specimens of fine sheep, began the stranger, unfolding an album in which were some handsome photographs of the mutton tribe. Here are the photographs of our stock, he continued. Just look at that, will you? and the farmer the next minute was admiring the fine picture.

The unsuspecting farmer, who never reads the papers, finally selected one of the lot, and upon the representation of the stranger that the sheep from which the phatograph was taken would be shipped him at once, persuaded him to make a purchase. He was to pay $25 for it, and the stranger wanted $10 upon the purchase in order that the stockman who raised it could feel satisfied to [illegible] paid over the $10 and the stranger departed.

He is waiting for his purchase yet, and will, no doubt continue to wait for many moon's more.

Quicksand Swallowed the Train.

Talking about railroad accidents, remarked an old railroad man in conversation about the Chatsworth norror, the most remarkable one I ever knew of—and I've been running on the road now for nearly thirty years—was in Kansas on the K. P., not far from Fort Wallace, where a train of cars, including the engine, was thrown into the bed of dry creek and nevermore, found. That is, the engine, and some of the cars never were. The engineer and fireman were both lost. The train was a freight and that's why there were no passengers to be killed. At the time of the Tay bridge disaster in Scotland, the train, which was blown from the bridge, or went through the bridge, which ever it was it was never found because the water and mud were deepand swallowed up the engine, while the coaches probably went out to sea with the tide. But there was no tide in that Kansas dry branch. The quicksand just swallowed up everything.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Winter Amusements.

'Say Bub, I hear your folks are going to have a conversation club at your house this winter.'

'Yep; we got one.'

'Who are the members?'

'Me and mother. I furnish the conversation and mother provides a club. Enny more?'

PEBBLES.

The harder a base ball club works the more it plays.

A man may be able to paint a town red from end to end, and yet possess none of the cardinal virtues.

Can you recommend for me a good home course of botany? asks a correspondent. Yes, the flour barrel.

I aim to tell the truth. Yes, interrupted an acquaintance, but you are a very bad shot.

In the bright lexicon of speculation there is nothing so uncertain as a sure thing.

Electricity is a very serious matter, and yet Edison makes light of it.

A bald-headed book-keeper should never try to wipe his pen on his hair.

It is pleasant to reflect that the Chicago Anarchists will shortly go to the end of the rope.

Helen—Mama, what is a casus belli

Mother—My child, never speak of any thing so indelicate. It is Latin for stomachache.

Old lady (very much shocked)—Little boys, what are you playing shinny for on the Sabbath Day? Little boys—we're playing for fi' cents a game.

In Costa Rica there is not a single millinery store. Married men desiring to emigrate should apply for tickets before the rush.

One way of punishing offenders in Turkey is to nail them to the wall by the ears. This would hardly work in Chicago. It would be unkind to the walls.